The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. V. No. 6. AUGUST, 1897. ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. King Divine. Poem. H. Downton. ...	81
2. That all the Lord's People were Prophets. Sermon. Rev. Henry Gow, B.A. ...	81
3. Rain at Midnight. Poem. C. G. ...	84
4. Unitarians and the Church Idea. Vernon Herford	85
5. At Last. Poem. Eleanor Graham ...	87
6. Character Lessons. George H. Young ...	88
7. Courtesy	89
8. Good Listeners	90
9. Inferior Preachers	92
10. Creation and Re-Creation. E. P. Powell	93
11. The Children's Page	95
12. News from the Field	96

King Divine.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE VINET.)

King divine!
Song of mine—
Can it reach Thy heaven and Thee?
And wilt Thou
Stoop so low
That Thy love shall visit me?
Deeps profound!
Who shall sound,
Without faith, their mystery?

Could my prayer,
Father! dare,
All so weak, to rise to Thee,
But that Thou
Deign'st to bow
In Thy tender love to me?
Love untold!
Humbly bold—
Faith adores the mystery.

From the deep
Toward the steep,
Towards my King's eternal throne,
Mounts my prayer,—
Waiting there,
Waiting on His grace alone:
Saviour dear!
Bend Thine ear;
Of my faith the tribute own.

Lord of all!
Hear my call:
For Thyself, Thyself, I cry.
Art Thou near?
Nought I fear:
Art thou absent? then I die:
Helper mine,
King divine,
In me reign eternally!—H. DOWNTON.

"That all the Lord's People were Prophets."

SERMON BY THE

REV. HENRY GOW, B.A.

NUMBERS xi., 27-29.—"*And there ran a young man and told Moses and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp. And Joshua the son of Nun, the minister of Moses, one of his chosen men, answered and said, My lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses said unto him, art thou jealous for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, that the Lord would put His spirit upon them.*"

The noblest teachers and workers always do their best to render themselves unnecessary: it is their ideal that everyone should be able to do without them. Moses was the recognised, established prophet of the Israelites in the wilderness. They were more than willing that he should have all the prophecy to himself. You remember how the people urge him to go up on the mountain to hear the commandments of God, and how they shrink from God themselves. "Speak thou with us," they said, "and we will hear, but let not God speak with us lest we die." And when Joshua hears two men prophesying in the camp he thinks it a dishonour to Moses that any other should dare to do what he does without permission, he regards it as an usurpation of a special prerogative. But Moses, with the desire which is in all the greatest men that he himself

might be unnecessary, expresses in reply the very ideal of religion, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets."

It is instructive and curious to note how the best work is always done, not by those who try to make themselves more important, but by those whose ideal it is to do away with any occasion for their work. A good doctor heals his patient as quickly and as thoroughly as he can. It is his ideal to place him in a position as soon as possible in which his own services will be no longer needed. Nay, more, it is the duty of the medical profession as a whole, by observation and study, to suggest methods by which the health of the community may be more thoroughly secured. All sanitary measures, all means for preventing the spread of disease which are discoveries due in large measure to the medical profession, are discoveries that tend to lessen rather than increase their work. There can be no question that the ideal of a doctor's work, whether in relation to the individual patient or to the community is to efface himself, to make himself unnecessary.

"Would God," he says in effect, "that all the Lord's people were strong in body." This is but the most striking example of the great law of self-sacrifice which runs through all life: we must seek to lose ourselves if we would do our best. It is the same with the profession of the law. The ideal of the true lawyer is that justice should be done as thoroughly and quickly as possible, and that by clear and careful wording of all documents lawsuits should be avoided. The ideal of the lawyer as well as the doctor is a self-effacing one; he tries to promote a condition of things in which he will be less necessary than he is. That, too, is the ideal of the teacher. It was well pointed out by a Frenchman who has had large experience in French and English public schools, that one of the chief differences between them is that the French public school only trains the mind, while the English public school trains the character. No boy in the French school is allowed any governing power; they are all kept perpetually under an elaborate system of espionage; there is no opportunity for self-reliance; they are managed, watched, guided at every point. In the English public school the boy has room for his individuality to grow; he has responsibilities entrusted to him; he acquires in the highest forms some of the duties of a master. The ideal is here as in other things, that the master should render himself unnecessary. This is not done, of course, by the master being weak and ineffective, and letting things drift. It requires greater strength and wisdom, not less, to manage a school on the system of self-effacement than on the system of petty interference and suspicion. It needs the greatest wisdom and influence to create that atmosphere which Dr. Arnold created at Rugby, in which all that is best and strongest in a boy's nature is called out, and he does right not because he is ordered, but because he is trusted. It is to this, says the Frenchman I am quoting, that the success of Englishmen as colonists is largely due. They have learnt self-reliance as boys, and they can overcome difficulties and use opportunities more quickly than others.

It is not merely in the professions that this ideal holds. There is the same law in manufacturing. It is the ideal of those who make things for sale—boots, clothes, tools, machines of every kind—that they shall last as long as possible, and shall so put the purchaser into a position where he does not need the manufacturer for a considerable period. The longer an article lasts the fewer manufacturers are needed—self-effacement is the ideal even in manufacture. Look again at the army and navy. The one justification for their existence is that they exist for the purpose of preventing any necessity for their employment. Promotion, glory, power come to them through fighting, and yet the only justification for their existence is that they prevent fighting. When an army or navy dominates its own country, when it asserts itself, when it is constantly inciting its people to go to war, it is one of the greatest curses with which a nation can be afflicted. Here, too—here, most clearly—self-effacement is the ideal. It exists in order to make its own special trade of fighting unnecessary.

I have dwelt some time upon this law of self-sacrifice, which permeates everything, because it is so universal and important, and because men talk so often as if the one impulse ruling in the world were the love of self. No doctor, no lawyer, no teacher, no manufacturer, no soldier is true to the ideal of his work who does not as far as possible efface himself and render his own work unnecessary.

Consider this truth now for a few minutes longer in its relation to religious work. The ideal of the religious teacher is not to magnify his office, to stand between men and God, but to stimulate men to recognise the divine for themselves, so that they may be able to say to him, now we believe not because of thy speaking but we have seen and known for ourselves that this is true. The great teachers in religion, Moses, Jesus, Paul, try to help men to do without them. This anxiety that men should be independent of him is especially noticeable in some of the sayings of Jesus. "It is expedient for you that I go away from you, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come to you." And again, "Be ye perfect" (not as I am perfect but) "as your Father in heaven is perfect." And again, "Why judge ye not of yourselves what is right?" The essence of Christ's religious teaching was to make men not believe in him but believe in God. He wished to help them to come into the same personal relation with God in which he stood. Of course we know there are many sayings ascribed to Jesus, especially in the Fourth Gospel, where the opposite is implied, and where Jesus is made to claim for himself a position intermediary between man and God, and to insist upon his own importance. I believe that we do more honour to Jesus, and that we come nearer to actual facts, in supposing that these claims were made for him after his death by devoted disciples than by himself for himself while still alive. It is the historic Jesus who says, I believe, to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world," stimulating them to feel how much independent power and influence they might exert. It was a devoted disciple, I believe, who was expressing his own feeling towards him when he puts into the mouth of Jesus the words, "I am the light of the world," and the truest followers of Jesus to-day are not those who claim everything for him, making a particular belief about him of supreme importance. It is far worse to assert our own importance, but it is equally a mistake, although the mistake of a much nobler mind, to set up any one of the sons of men to dominate the religious life. Through Jesus we all learn many things: in him we see much that we can see nowhere else so clearly. His influence for good has been infinitely the greatest ever exercised by a human soul. But his own work was essentially a self-effacing one, and the work of his followers should be so too. The spirit of his authentic teaching is fully in accord with the words of Moses, "Would God that all the Lord's people should prophesy," and with the longing of the prophet Isaiah for the time "When the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

In speaking of the religious ideal that all men should be prophets of the Lord, I cannot help pointing to the fact that a growing section of the great Anglican Church is by nature and intention utterly opposed to that ideal. I know well that there is quite as much self-importance to be found in the members of small sects as there is to be found in the Established Church, and that there is much less excuse for it. The egotism of a small body like our own is much more paltry than the egotism of a great historic church like the Established Church of England. God forbid that we should forget our own petty conceits, and should blow feeble flourishes of trumpets about our own importance, while complacently condemning the self-importance of others. But it ought not to be forgotten that there is a fundamental difference between the Nonconformist and high Anglican ideal as to their function in religion. The Nonconformist ideal, whether he is true to it or not, is that a minister is a servant, a helper, a friend. His endeavour is to enable men to see for themselves, and that they should obtain their convictions not from him, but from God. The high church view is that a minister is a priest, a divinely-ordained channel of grace, doing for men what they could not possibly do for themselves. The priest is a man who expects his congregation to confess to him more or less often, and who holds himself above them. The minister is a man who confesses twice weekly to his congregation. There is no one who has to reveal himself so completely as the preacher: all his weaknesses, all his sins come out with terrible distinctness in that weekly confessional of the pulpit. God help him, he prays, that somehow the little good in him may come out, too. How many a minister, as he contemplates his preaching, can say with Paul, "I have become a fool for Christ's sake." Now the Anglican, of course, preaches too, and so far as he preaches truthfully, he must confess himself.

But it is not his special function as a priest. No one could say that the ideal of the Catholic Church was that all men should be prophets, and that the necessity for mediation should be done away. The special work of the priest is to remit sins and to administer the sacraments, and to magnify the importance of the church. A more and more powerful priesthood standing between man and God, and insisting that only through them and the church which they represent can knowledge be obtained, a church making the most tremendous claims for itself, this is what we see around us to-day. In opposition to that ideal—so strong, so attractive, so dangerous—we need to keep our own ideal clear, without the least bitterness, but without any weak compliance. We believe in the native power of all men to know God for themselves, and that it is a teacher's duty not to be a substitute for personal knowledge, but a stimulus. A great teacher is like a tuning-fork; he strikes the note in which the soul can sing; he does not sing for us. He introduces us to great realities, and then leaves us alone with them. We do not want him always explaining, interfering, and interpreting. He must leave room for our own souls to grow. We are all children of God, capable of learning the truth for ourselves. However little we are we have our life to live, and must lean not on men but on God. All the world is our friend and teacher—the hard, painful facts and laws as well as the pleasant ones—but it is a world over which we, as living souls, are born to rule. "He hath put all things under our feet." All men and women are our helpers, even those who seem to hinder us the most; but there is no one who is our absolute master, however good. "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you friends." There is the true relationship. Let us remember that even we are summoned to be prophets of the highest. A prophet is not a man who miraculously foretells the future, or even wisely guesses at it. He is a man who so acts on the strength of what is highest in him that his actions come out right, and form part of the will of God. It is to this great duty that we are called unendingly—seeking the truth of life, not leaving it as a special task to others; listening humbly and trustfully to the whispers of the divine, and acting out fearlessly what we feel is right. It is such action and such effort which gives us the right to call Jesus not by the great name of master, but by the far greater name of friend.

Rain at Midnight.

O MIDNIGHT Rain,
Heard 'mid the restlessness of weary pain!
Thy cadence brings
Sweet thoughts of peace on silver-tinted wings.

In this dim town,
I hear thy thousand streamlets trickle down:
Ere thou hast fled,
Tell me, O Rain! the source where thou hast fed.

I see arise
Bright pearly dewdrops from blue violets' eyes;
I see the mist
Come from the wood-rill's ripples, evening-kissed.

The green fields gleam
Before me, as to thy sweet rhyme I dream;
And birds and flowers
Are with me in my restless midnight hours.

More blest than these,
I feel the fragrance of the summer seas;
Along the coast
I see the never-resting billows tost.

Spend and be spent!
O gracious Rain! through thee I grow content:
Thy calm-voiced spell
Goes deeper in the heart than words can tell.

Watching through night,
Many with me await the morning light
In pain or care,
Or rapt, it may be, in the trance of prayer.

To each, to all,
Hearing thy rhythmic music softly fall,
Sweet thoughts may come
Of Him who by His ways doth lead us home.

For not one drop
Falls from the cloud upon the bare hill-top—
Falls, through dark hours,
Upon the closed chalice of the flowers;

Or on the sea,
Or on the murmurous thickly-foliaged tree,
But falls to cherish
What else would pine and, drooping, sadly perish.

And shall the tear
Shed by the Father's well-loved children here,
In doubt and pain,
Fall for a less wise purpose than the Rain?

C. G.

Unitarians and the Church Idea.*

Though the affirmation that our Lord founded a visible church is frequently disputed, no one will deny that he wished to establish the kingdom of heaven. He said: "The kingdom of God is within you;" but everything within us to continue to exist *at all* must have outward expression. It is very doubtful whether we can communicate anything spiritual to one another, save through external material media, and if it can be done it is only by extremely few in very exceptional cases, and, therefore, has nothing to do with the mass of mankind with whom the Church and the kingdom of God have to deal. The spiritual kingdom of God, then, must have an outward manifestation, or cease to exist. That outward form is the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. It is clear, however, that one perfectly holy and universal Chuurch, does not exist, except in the mind of God, though there are various approximations to it. We have, then, three terms: the kingdom of God, the ideal Church (its visible embodiment), and the actual Church or Churches, the approximation to that ideal embodiment. Let us trace the lines of unity between the kingdom and the Church. The kingdom is *one* and has *one* law, because God is the ruler of it, visibly represented by Christ. In so far as men obey the rule of the kingdom, the law of God, they are outwardly, as well as inwardly, united. This is seen by the way in which those who have the true Christian spirit (*i.e.*, are ready to put Christ first rather than the peculiar law of their own section of the Church) can easily sympathise and co-operate in good works. The Christian spirit, wherever it goes is *uniting*, *i.e.*, to all who desire that God's will be done rather than their own. Christ did not encourage his disciples to found "societies," but founded a society. If he had done the former, he would surely have sent anyone forth to preach who showed an interest in his message, and would have endeavoured to spread his influence as an intellectual propaganda—just as is so much the case with the Unitarianism of to-day. It is a teaching more than a *life*, and, therefore, has little influence over the hearts and lives of men.

Socrates came to save men from ignorance, and left his teaching to the free winds of heaven. Jesus came to *save* men from their *sins*: he was the Saviour much more than the teacher; he wanted their hearts' consent rather than that of the head. He knew where was the real centre of man's nature. He came to bring *grace* rather than enlightenment, for he knew how intellectual power, without a heart right with God, was one of the greatest curses that could fall on humanity. So he bound his fellows together into a living organism that would preserve this new, holy life of which he was the spring. He planted his spirit in a united society of apostles and disciples, which he must have known would grow into a vast organism, branching out into new differentiations, and becoming more and more elaborated as the movement spread and required new functions and organs to meet new needs and exigencies. Though, of course, he may not have settled how many grades of the ministry there should be, in the distinction between the twelve and the seventy, we have the system of a ministry in which one order is subordinate to another in germ. Again, in many parables, we see Christ's anticipation of the organised externalization of the kingdom, which is the Church. Though the kingdom is now like leaven that works unseen, at another time it is like the mustard plant in which the birds find shelter; like the net that gathers in good and bad, or the field where tares are mixed with the wheat.

Let us now look at the doctrine of the Church in itself. It is generally regarded, especially by Protestants, as a kind of luxury of faith, by no means an essential. On the other hand, I think that it is of the essence of Christianity:—that no one can be a good Christian without being a good Churchman, and that Congregationalism *quâ* congregationalism is anti-Christian, narrow, selfish, unsocial, and divisive; crippling the power of the Church for good, sacrificing the good of the many to the self-will of the few. It is opposed to the Christian spirit of living for and in others, which is applicable to societies as much as to individuals—each for all and all for each—without any limitation, being the Christian law. The Church, as the body of Christ ideally, must be

[*While not agreeing with the general drift of Mr. Herford's argument, we gladly find room for it in the *Seed Sower*, as representing a phase of thought which requires consideration. We shall be glad to open our columns to its discussion.]

one, and must ever strive to realize its ideal. If stress of special circumstances produce congregationalism, surely it should be viewed as a disease, a state, perhaps, of necessary temporary decomposition and anarchy, to be rectified as speedily as possible by fresh combination. Congregationalism as a permanency is un-Christian as lacking in the spirit of humility, submission and obedience—essential marks of the Christian character which does not rebel against restraint, or if it does, only because it feels that the government of the whole body is constraining to disobedience to God, and therefore must be replaced by another external authority which will constrain to the divine obedience instead of hindering it. The Congregationalist may reply, "We ought to have liberty to obey conscience only." Certainly, in heaven, when each conscience is the perfect voice of God, and each one is always ready and willing to obey conscience. Not till then can conscience be the only guide and authority. There must always be some government in spiritual as in temporal affairs, and the wider the area represented by that spiritual government the more universal, impartial, and therefore the more divine will it be. It will represent checks and limitations to the extravagances and laxities of lawless individuals, preventing any from falling below a minimum of faith and conduct unscathed, but, like the laws of civilized countries, it will be a protection, not a burden, to the upright who, being far above that minimum, would not be touched by it. Such Church law ensures the character and efficiency of the ministry, guards against scandals, and preserves order and therefore true liberty.

The whole question as to how far the Church should over-rule private judgment—or want of judgment—is the same problem as that of the individual and the State, and it is hard to decide which is the more absurd, the theory of the Ultramontanes that the Church should crush the individual, or the theory that the individual should go his own sweet way in total disregard of the Church. It has been said that Unitarianism is not a church, but a "movement." Are we quite sure that it is a movement, or not rather a commotion? It seems to me that we are all bound to follow the general weight of Church authority, unless our conscience clearly and unmistakably points the other way. For instance, every Christian minister is bound to administer Baptism and Communion, and every layman to receive those sacraments which the Church, as a whole, clearly enjoins, unless he is personally convinced, after very serious meditation and prayer, that it is contrary to God's will; that is to say, that he believes that it would be better if there was no Baptism and no Communion for any one at all. Disobedience to the Church is on a par with disobedience to the law of the land, or of the child to the parent. The Church is not infallible, neither is the law, nor are our parents. If we are convinced that the law of the land is directly contrary to the law of God we ought to disobey it. So with our parents, if they wish their child to do something that it knows is wrong, then the child must disobey, but not otherwise, and the existence of pains and penalties is a salutary check on the would-be lawbreaker or disobedient child, making them think seriously before taking the step. With regard to the Church, we are all more or less children till we have attained unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

The principle of dignity and authority in the Church is holiness and capacity for service. He who has the greatest abundance of these ought to have the greatest power, as being filled with the spirit of Christ he will best be able to administer the affairs of the kingdom of which Jesus is absolute monarch. So with regard to entrance to and membership of the Church. Entrance to the Church is by baptism. This will include all who have "become as little children," because they will be ready to submit to baptism if they have not been baptised in infancy. The childlikeness of the true Christian finds freedom in dependence, not getting the truth from freedom, but true freedom from the truth. The old collect truly has it, "Cui servire est reguare" (His service is perfect freedom), or Ignatius Loyala—

> "I seek no other liberty
> But that of being bound to Thee."

We have reduced individualism to an absurdity, and unless we take a turn and mend we shall, as a body, grow small by degrees and beautifully less, sinking into the sands of down-grade dissent and weak-kneed liberalism. In times

past an energetic ecclesiastical consolidation was looked upon by our leaders as likely to cut us off from the main army of the Christian Church, but surely it would have quite the reverse effect, our stronger individual Church life preparing us for a future larger Church life in union with other bodies. What we can do now is to aim at tightening up discipline and joint action in every direction. This would at least save us from being the prey of wandering stars whose wisdom is not that from above, but the cleverness which attracts the crowd, but does not build up the invisible, supernatural life of the Church, fed by divine grace through the heart and not the head only. Gatherings for the serious consideration of plans of organisation and for devotional purposes, such as the Ministers' Institute, I believe, will help towards this end, because God's Holy Spirit seems to speak more clearly through many met together than in individual theorists. But above all is needed the sense of responsibility among ministers, the feeling that there are many souls that we shall be called to account for—those left outside the household of God, that with more unity of action, more sacrifice of individual will, and therefore better organization, we might have brought in. We want to feel that local churches are organs of one great divine institution, the very real and living body of Christ and temple of God, for whose efficiency in the work of salvation we are responsible, and in which we ought to be ready to lay down our lives for the brethren.—VERNON HERFORD.

Your Kingdom.

There is some place for you to fill,
  Some work for you to do,
That no one can or ever will
  Do quite as well as you.
It may be close along your way,
  Some little, homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
  To blossom into beauty.

Or it may be that daily tasks,
  Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater work that asks
  For you, and you alone.
Be brave, whatever it may be,
  The little or the great,
To meet and do it perfectly,
  And you have conquered Fate.

At Last.

Warte nur—bald
Ruhest du auch!—GOETHE.

Long and weary is the road;
  Falls no sunlight through the day;
One by one, beneath his load
  Has each loved one sunk away.
Friends are fled—their wearied eyes
  Closed in sleep, and stilled each breast.
Here and there, a shadow lies
  Where they sank to rest.

    Faint not, O pilgrim!
      Life's noon is past;
    But to each traveller
      Home comes at last!

Winds are wailing round thy way;
  Heavy is thy load to bear;
With the waning of the day,
  Fades each joyous thing and fair.
Where is now thy dauntless force?
  Where thy ardour full and free?
All thy strength has run its course—
  Nought is left to thee!

    Hope on, hope aye;
      Heed not the blast,
    For to each day
      Night comes at last!

Faint not yet, but struggle on
  Till the weary way is o'er;
Soon thy long day's work is done;
  Soon thine eyes shall weep no more.
Bright the rising day may be;
  Glorious was thy morning star;
But the dawn that waits for thee
  Fairer is by far!

    See! the red sun
      Sinks in the sea;
    Labour is done,
      Pain o'er for thee.
    Fled is the day;
      Sunset is past.
    Pause on thy way,
      And rest thee—at last!

—ELEANOR GRAHAM.

Alexander the Great had a soldier in his army who bore his own name, but was a great coward. The emperor, enraged at his conduct, justly said to him—"Either change your name, or learn to honour it." So may it be said to many Christians.

Character Lessons.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES.

By George H. Young.

LESSON IX.

JUSTICE.

"Trust
Your better instincts and be just."

The tongue of the just is as choice silver. —*Prov.* x. 20.

1. What is justice?
   Giving to all their due.
2. Is it always in giving *things?*
   No; it may be in thinking rightly about people.
3. May it not also relate to yourself?
   Yes, I may be unjust toward myself.
4. How?
   By neglecting to do for body, mind, or soul, what I ought.
5. What is justice to others?
   Doing to them as I would have them do to me.
6. Do people violate the law of justice?
7. What ought you to keep in mind about this?
   That others have rights as well as myself.
8. How may you injure others?
   By bad example, by slander, by doing anything calculated to work ill, by imparting wrong ideas, by presenting bad motives to action.
9. How may we be unjust by withholding service from good causes?
10. Does justice demand labour from all?
11. Is justice inconsistent with mercy?
12. Does religion include justice?
13. Is there any conflict between gentleness and justice?
14. Why have people thought that to predicate justice of God made him unlovely?
15. How can you decide as to what justice demands as equitable punishment for wrong-doing?
16. Can the soul escape its just deserts?
17. Do we ever receive injustice from God?
18. Read carefully Ps. xv., and explain it.

Recite Prov. xi. 1; Micah vi. 8.

To the Teacher.—Spare no pains to inculcate deep love for fairness. Show the great importance of this virtue on the playground, in the home and school. True justice is real mercy. Make your class understand that equal rights is the divine law.

LESSON X.

BENEVOLENCE.

"Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present hell;
His bliss, thy heaven."

—Whittier.

By love serve one another.—*Gal.* v. 13.

1. What does benevolenee mean?
   Wanting to do good.
2. Is it *doing* good only?
   No; it is also in feeling kindly toward all.
3. Can you feel kindly toward the wicked and disagreeable?
   I can want them to be good and hope that they may.
4. Why ought you to seek to have that feeling toward all?
   Because all are in God's family.
5. Is it easy to love everybody?
   No; it is easy to love only those who are lovely.
6. And still you think the unlovely are to be loved?
   I must love the possible good in them.
7. Why is benevolence a part of religion?
   Because doing good to others is the way religion manifests itself.
8. Is it right to expect any reward for benevolence?
9. Do you always try to be benevolent?
10. What sort of enjoyment do you get from doing good to others?
11. What kind of feelings do you suppose a miser has?
12. Who among your acquaintances are most benevolent?
13. Is our charity to be measured by our gifts?
14. Why not?
15. What lesson did Jesus convey by the story of the widow's two mites?
16. Is giving money to street beggars real benevolence?
17. What results ought to follow the bestowal of charity?

18. In what way are you manifesting benevolence?

RECITE Matt. v. 43, 44, 45; I John iii. 10.

TO THE TEACHER.—Dwell on the possible good in all. Show that benevolence is in feeling as well as in outward acts of charity. Illustrate that benevolence is sometimes in withholding gifts.

Courtesy.

No one who has read with any care the charming *Pensées* of M. Joubert, will venture hastily to differ from him. His thought is nearly always not only exquisitely keen and delicate, but profoundly true and just. If, for a moment, we are disposed to think that he is in the wrong, a very little consideration generally brings us to the conclusion that we have misapprehended his meaning, and that, after all, he is, as usual, perfectly right. I rather distrust, for instance, the soundness of one of his maxims on good manners. He says: "To show deference to age, to worth, and to dignity is a duty; to show deference to equals, to strangers, and to unknown persons, is true refinement and courtesy." It looks, at first, as though he might mean that courtesy can hardly claim to rank with duty. But he probably meant that courtesy is a kind of perfection, which transcends the plainer, coarser, and more obvious moral laws which should determine human conduct. No positive rule can be given for it. The law, of which it is the fulfilment, cannot be written on stone; if written at all, it must be written on the heart. I have very little doubt that, instead of intending to place courtesy beneath the line of common duties, and among the merely conventional usages of good society, he intended to place it among the "counsels of perfection." He speaks of it elsewhere as "the flower of human nature." It may, perhaps, be questioned whether, in a state of society like our own, roughness and coarseness of manner are always the sign of a want of kindliness of spirit. The tree is, no doubt, known by its fruit, but it sometimes happens that a man has grown up in circumstances which hardly give his better nature fair play. The vine may be of a good sort, but if some of its branches never get warmth or sunlight, the grapes which hang upon them will be sour; and if a man has lived very much among harsh and boisterous people, he is very likely to have acquired habits and modes of speech which may be very far from representing his real nature and spirit. And I have known men, gentle at heart, who, through living with rough companions, have wilfully cultivated a roughness and even a positive offensiveness of manner which rendered it intolerable for strangers to have much to do with them. Others acquire the same manner unconsciously. The prevailing spirit and the common habits of the people about us have, perhaps, almost as much to do with the formation of our manners and bearing as our own disposition; and we shall often be greatly mistaken if we suppose that a man who speaks and acts discourteously is deficient in right feeling. There is, indeed, a certain refinement and perfection of courtesy, which is the result of successive generations of culture and ease, and of intercourse with people of distinction. It requires a very felicitous temperament and very felicitous circumstances. But even in the higher ranks of English society it is said that the grace and dignity and gentleness of which I am speaking are comparatively rare. I remember that Mr. Arthur Helps dwelt upon the perfection of manner which characterised the late Earl of Clarendon as one of his most remarkable qualities, though he was also distinguished for a certain measure of genius, for great practical sagacity, and for an extraordinary knowledge of foreign affairs. This exquisite courtesy—a beautiful and invaluable thing in its way—is not to be looked for among ordinary people. It is one of the fine arts. It is almost as rare as the higher forms of eloquence. A faultless refinement of manner is no more possible to most of us than white and soft hands are possible to a ploughman or a smith. We must be content with something less perfect and charming. It is enough if we cultivate a right spirit in our treatment of other men, and if we remember habitually that it is a duty to treat all men courteously. Discourtesy is, I fear, a very common sin among good people, and it arises principally from serious defects in the good life. We speak to men harshly; we are irritable and impatient; we are domineering; we wound their feelings;

we sneer at them, we make a jest of their failures and imperfections; we treat them contemptuously; we make an ostentatious use of our power over them; we compel them to feel —and we do it intentionally—that we attach not the slightest value to their judgment; and that we have no desire to give them pleasure. I do not know that those who are guilty of these offences are likely to be much influenced by the consideration of the pain and annoyance which they inflict on others by their treatment of them; and yet they ought to remember that a great part of the misery of the world arises from the wanton disregard of the claims of every man to consideration and respect. Harsh words, spoken recklessly and in haste, rankle in the memory like a wound. Such treatment as this is as hard to endure as a perpetual east wind. It destroys all the brightness and pleasantness of life, and condemns those who are subject to it to a dull and monotonous wretchedness. The thing which we ought to do, in order to form the habit of treating other people with Christian courtesy, is to try to remember they are men and women. It is very certain that we do not remember this. They are clerks and shopmen, mere machines, curiously and wondrously made, for writing our letters, keeping our accounts, and disposing of our goods. They are workmen, "hands," messengers, porters, warehouse girls, stampers, packers. They are cooks, housemaids, coachmen, gardeners. They are tradesmen, butchers, grocers, bakers, milliners. That they are also men and women we appear to forget. Yet this is what they are, every one of them. They all have troubles and joys, cares and hopes, a conscience, a heart, and a will, like our own. They are men and women. None of us can claim a higher title than belongs to the meanest of them. It is for the convenience of human life that they should work with us or for us, that they should render us certain services, or that we should render certain services to them; but we and they are men and women alike. We are no more, they are no less. The question, therefore, which we have to ask ourselves is not, How ought I to treat my clerk, my carpenter, my bootmaker? but How ought I to treat my fellow-men—my equals in all that constitutes human nature? We shall never get right till we come to this.

Good Listeners.

That really good talking is a somewhat rare and difficult accomplishment, is a truth which is recognised pretty generally by people who have bestowed any thought upon the subject. How rare and how difficult it is was set forth most clearly in the interesting and almost exhaustive "Chapter on Talk," which appeared some years ago in a well-known magazine, and which made one feel that to be a great conversationalist demanded something like an unattainable combination of mental and moral qualifications. The reader felt inclined to parody the desparing speech of Rasselas to Imlac by saying to the author, "Thou hast convinced me that it is impossible to become a talker." But with regard to listening, no such difficulty is felt. By a good listener, most people mean simply a man or a woman who does not care to hear his or her own voice, but is satisfied with the sound of the voices of others. It does not occur to them that there is a marked difference between listening and hearing. They know that the listener is passive, and they confound passivity with inertness; while the truth is that passivity is force restrained, just as activity is force exerted and manifested. Mere capacity is a form of power, and, in a sense, it is quite as true to say that wood has power to be burned by fire as it is to say that fire has power to burn wood. It is always difficult to realise the amount of force which is needed to maintain passive conditions. It seems the easiest thing in the world to sit still until we visit a photographer's studio; and it is only when we fix ourselves in a chair opposite the camera, that we learn how hard it is to obey, even for a few seconds, the command of the stern man who bids us not to move. We are apt to think that listening is a simple and easy matter, because the mental force exerted by a good listener is not outwardly manifested, or rather its manifestations are so subtle that they are lost on those whose habits of observation are superficial and careless. With regard to the art of listening, there are two paradoxes which must always be borne in mind, because they are not only paradoxes but important facts. The first is, that only a good talker can be a good listener; and the second is, that one of the worst of all

listeners is the man who does nothing but listen. I do not mean by a good talker a copious talker. This is an error into which the author of the "Chapter on Talk" seems at times to have fallen. Whether the person I have in my mind talk much or little, will be regulated by circumstances, but he always knows the precise thing to say, and the exact time at which to say it. This is the essential characteristics of a talker of the highest order, and it is wonderfully rare. Dr. Johnson was a great conversationalist, but he would have been greater still if he had at times been wisely silent, as he was in the memorable interview with George the Third. Knowing what to say, the good talker also knows what not to say; knowing the time to speak, he also knows the time to listen. When he feels that his time has come, it is clear that he must make a better listener than the man whose speech bursts from him at odd intervals, in an unregulated sort of way, who may at any moment be seized with a lawless desire to talk himself. The good listener does his listening with a purpose, just as he does his talking; and so we can be sure of him, as we can never be sure of the man who is blown about by breezes of purposeless impulse. Every talker knows the stimulating power exercised by a person who, it is evident, has resolutely set himself to listen. He feels all the energies of his mind called out; he cannot afford to think or speak carelessly, but he feels as if he must rouse himself as if for an encounter. Even if the conversation be far removed from anything like debate, the presence of a real listener is a stimulus as effective as, and much more pleasant than, that of a watchful antagonist. The talker has none of the fear of conflict, but only an intense desire to do justice to himself and to his scheme, for he sees that there is a possibility of perfect and complete appreciation. There is a market open for his wares, and he must need give them all the attractions it is in his power to bestow. This feeling of a necessity laid upon him to do his best and utmost is not the result of a conscious train of thought, but is rather an instinct, which is roused by a preception equally instinctive that is expected and desired from him. The attentive receptiveness of his hearer makes him feel that he is supposed to have something to give which is worthy of being received; and that if he fails there will not only be chagrin for himself but disappointment for another. The receptive attitude enables one mind to fix itself to another as by spiritual grappling irons. When you see that every word you utter is taken in and weighed, and measured, by your listener, you cannot free yourself from the influence of his presence. You are compelled to have in your thoughts not only the words you utter, but the man to whom they are spoken. You must not only talk, and talk well, but you must talk to him. This remark may seem meaningless at first sight, but it is not really so. I often hear in well-filled rooms containing one or two clever people, talk which is indeed addressed to some one, but which, in all essential characteristics, is not conversation but soliloquy. The talker has found a hearer, but not a listener: and though he may talk his very best for his own sake, you will find that his mental movements are erratic; they have no fixed centre and no definite object. His talk is like the water of a canal whose banks have given way, which rolls aimlessly hither and thither, without fulfilling any useful function, though it is the same water which was so helpful and serviceable, when it was confined within clearly marked limits by the restraining force of its earthy boundaries. The aim of talk should be like the aim of a flying sparrow—to hit the mark—but to this end there must be a mark to hit, that is, there must be a listener who is a listener indeed. Listening of the right order can never be successfully counterfeited. I may, indeed, just remark in passing, that hypocrisy of any kind is not often successful as we may be inclined to think. We see through many deceptions which we do not care to say. We see through, because we like peace, and are inclined to let sleeping dogs lie. Who does not know where he has none, or only half, of the attention of the person to whom he is talking? We do not perhaps see it in the vacant or wandering eye, or in the hardly visible impatient gesture; but feel it and a sudden, deadly chill falls upon our spirits; an unaccountable seizure paralyses our minds. If we are telling a good story, it seems at once to have lost all its humour; if we are expounding some new theory, its interest or beauty appears to have vanished; if we are

in the midst of an argument, we don't care any longer for convincing our antagonist, so we summarily draw things to a conclusion, and feel inexpressibly relieved when we have got out the last word.

Inferior Preachers.

[*We commend to those congregations who complain of the poor preaching to which they are obliged to listen, the following wholesome remarks from an American newspaper.*]

Not infrequently complaints are made that the pulpit has lost much of its former power, and that preaching does not produce any great results in these days as in those of our fathers. Without stopping to discuss the correctness of these allegations, we desire to call attention to some causes now in operation which tend, and which are sufficient if unchecked, to produce the state of things complained of.

It must be quite evident to careful observers that the Church and the public are at present making excessive demands upon the physical and mental energies of the ministry, and upon the time which should be justly devoted to preparation for the pulpit. It seems generally to be forgotten that a minister's energies can be overtaxed, or that more can be required from him than he can possibly perform, and perform well. He is supposed to be at liberty for fresh enjoyments, and additioual burdens at all times, on every day of the week, except at regular preaching hours on Sunday. People harass him with a multitude of matters which they should manage themselves; expect him to attend every social gathering, make pastoral calls of great length and frequency; to be an active member of every committee; to look after every interest of the Church, spiritual and temporal; to be on hand generally for work of all kinds, and for all emergencies; and, in short, to be so self-tasking, so laborious, and so efficient in the discharge of all his multifarious tasks, as to supersede the necessity for much labour, or thought, or sacrifice of time, on the part of others, in order to secure the prosperity of the Church. It is no uncommon occurrence for people to say that a minister has little to do, and that his time is of little value; consequently they are disposed to press him into service of almost every kind, and at the same time to excuse themselves from the duties and burdens which justly belong to them.

If the pastor is required to visit almost continuously, to be present at every social circle, to preside at all meetings of official bodies and of committees, to be foremost in every benevolent as well as every religious movement, to entertain every travelling agent, to be always ready to receive calls of any length and frequency from any member of the Church who have a superfluity of leisure at command, or are disposed to gossip; if he is allowed usually to command neither his mornings, afternoons, nor evenings, for uninterrupted study and preparation for the pulpit—we cannot reasonably expect him to be anything but an inferior preacher; we must expect his pulpit to lose its power, and his sermons to be contemptible. He cannot be otherwise. He who attempts to do everything, will fail in everything—nothing will be done as it should be.

While we can by no word of ours excuse those who neglect their pastoral duties, we wish every minister of the Gospel, and every Church member as well, to realise the importance of diligent and full preparation for the pulpit. The commission of Christ to His apostles was to preach. This is the great instrumentality which God has ordained for the salvation of men. "When the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Whether it is done in private or in public, by the way-side, in the family circle, or the pulpit, it is preaching that is to promulgate the Gospel and save men. No more difficult task is ever undertaken by men than that of becoming a successful preacher. Reading, study, meditation, and prayer from day to day, and year to year will be required to accomplish this uudertaking. Neglect of these will render valueless the rarest gifts, and destroy the fairest reputation. It is not study during the first years of one's ministry alone that is required, but earnest, faithful application to books, to writing, and to meditation, as well as prayer, during some allotted portion of each day as long as he continues a minister of Christ, and an expounder to the people of the Gospel of salvation.

No man ought to consent to be an inferior preacher. Inferior preachers are not the sort

which the age demands. We live in peculiar times; in an age of inquiry and scepticism. The spirit of investigation and criticism is well-nigh universal. Men demand knowledge in those who attempt to instruct them, and a reason for what they are asked to believe. Knowledge must supplement, must be superadded to, piety and good sense, that a minister may have the qualifications essential to his success. To have less than these is to insure inferiority; for the Church to demand less than these, is to perpetrate a deplorable folly and to invite defeat. But to have a ministry possessing all these, is to have one that is powerful and efficient—thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work; to have one that, like Paul, is able to stand for the defence of the Gospel, to repel error, and vindicate the truth; one able rightly to divide the Word of truth, and press home its claims upon the understanding and the conscience. It is for the Church to decide whether it will have such a ministry or not. If they wish for such, let them demand it. Let them not send up to the conferences, with their recommendation, men of feeble powers and deficient in education. And let them afterward not demand too much of them, nor burden them with duties transferred from their own shoulders. Let them also furnish them ample time for study. Then may they justly require of them, both by faithfulness and ability, to honour and adorn their sacred calling.

Creation and Re-Creation.

By E. P. Powell.

Whatever our theory concerning the first making-up of a human being, it is undeniable that creation in the course of generations is left to ourselves. So much is left, also, to the indiviual after birth that language has wisely and wittily called the duty we owe to ourselves that of "re-creation." The purpose of life is not simply to work to the utmost limit, but to repair waste to the full. That this is not a matter left to our choice nature insists upon in all sorts of ways. The recurrence of night is the republication each day of an order to recreate ourselves. Sunday has in history the place of an economic law; and, as such, it is highly moral. Its barren religiosity is a by-product of the least valuable phase of Puritanism. The law, as it stands in the Hebrew code, is, substantially, "Six days thou shalt work, but each seventh day thou shalt rest from work." This recreative phase of the week the Jew extended to the months and years. Every seventh year was a jubilee year, and every seven times seventh year set all the slaves and debtors free. It let up on the accumulating strain of social and business life. An able writer on Shemitic customs insists that the Sabbatical arrangements were at the bottom of the vital tenacity of the Jew stock. Certainly only a fanatic few developed a Sabbath code that reversed the idea of recreation. To these Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Partly from a narrow conception of Sunday and partly from a bigoted view of our obligations otherwise, the New Englander set the bad example of work without adequate re-creation of used powers. This has been aggravated by the steam age, which came in just after the tide of pioneering began to pour westward. Then came the rush and the roar of a struggle to get on in the world; and we have largely dropped out of our life plans the idea of rest,—the Sabbath idea in its largest and truest signification. That this accounts for the increase of diseases of exhausted nerves and heart failure needs no demonstration. Still, it is questionable whether we have not been more than compensated by the decrease of those other diseases that belong to a flabby age of feeble enterprises. We are not losing in the average length of human life nor in the average value of life. The world never before had so high an estimate of the worth of living. We all live not merely to live, but to achieve. Now add a possible higher conception of the duty of replacing waste, and not dying faster than we can re-create, and there will be an approximation to an ideal human existence.

The incentives to intellectual exhaustion and moral enthusiasms vary with the conditions of the ages. Will the close of the steam age and the exhaustion of coal, which is not fifty years ahead, pull us down to a quiet and inoperative mood? Prof. Orton, president of the American Geological Society, says that, in his opinion, we shall react from the fury of individualism and elbowing restlessness into a national life of

easy-going co-operation and quiet carelessness about being millionaires. He draws a picture of studious monkery as a possible reaction from the present. This is not a probable outcome of any immediate future.

Meanwhile the duty lies on to us to build ourselves up as fast as we use our powers down. "There is," says Tesla, "no good reason why we shall not live to an average age of over one hundred; and those who, with decent heredity, use proper precautions, may reach two hundred years." Tesla lays great weight upon the re-creative power of sleep. He says, "When a man really lives, he is dying hour by hour; but, when he sleeps, he is accumulating vital forces. In other words, in measuring out our hours to each one, the great Timekeepers stops his count while we are sleeping. Nearly all long-lived people have been great sleepers. When De Lesseps was on the ocean, he would sleep twenty hours on a stretch. Gladstone is a great sleeper, averaging twelve hours a day. I can believe that a man who would learn to sleep eighteen hours a day might live two hundred years." A prominent scientist, commenting, says, "There is nothing in the structure of a human being requiring dissolution at least than one hundred years." It is time to reconstruct our creeds so as to teach not only creation, but re-creation,—the duty of every one to present himself daily as a wholesome example of life, and not a factor of decay.

Metathesis!

Metathesis is a dangerous mental trick played upon us at inconvenient times by the Spirit of Mischief. It is the transposition of letters in a word, or of syllables, or parts of syllables in a sentence by which a man unconsciously turns his sense into nonsense. We all know the case of the clergyman who, wishing to say that "we all knew what it was to have a half-formed wish in our hearts," astonished his hearers by announcing "that we all knew what it was to have a half-warmed fish in our hearts;" and of another who, having "started out" to say that "we should not bow the knee to an idol," arrived at the conclusion "that we should not bow the eye to a needle."

Another ridiculous case, not quite so well known, is that of a lecturer who, wishing to speak of a "cosy nook" he had found on the hill side, described it as a "nosy cook."

I can well believe these anecdotes true for the following instance of this uncomfortable failing came under my own personal observation. A fellow student, a sensitive-minded man, who had a horror of such mistakes in public, was jokingly telling one day of a mistake which he had heard made by an illiterate man in extempore prayer. The poor fellow was praying for backsliders, but in the earnestness of his devotion, and quite regardless of the feelings of his hearers, fell to invoking blessings upon "black-spiders!" This tale was sufficiently amusing. But what followed? That evening we both attended a mission meeting, and my friend took part in the devotions. He had what is called "a gift" in extempore prayer, and, borne along upon his ardour, he seemed entirely to have forgotten the subject of the morning's conversation. What was my astonishment, however, to hear him, deliberately, and in a tone of confidence, make use of the very expression which he had that morning quoted, earnestly and feelingly praying for the speedy restoration and strengthening of the favoured *Arachnias!* I was sure from his manner that he was unconscious of his mistake; and nothing could exceed his mortification when he was subsequently told of it.

It was customary, some years ago—in certain districts the practice still lingers—for the minister, upon giving out the hymn, to read the first verse. I remember once hearing a young curate give out, in a very lachrymose and sentimental tone, the verse of a well-known hymn which ends with the words, "And wipe my weeping eyes." The pathos was sadly spoiled and the gravity of his hearers tested by his rendering it, "And weep my wiping eyes." He was immediately conscious of his mistake, and his confusion only made matters worse. Experience has no doubt since taught him that it is wiser, under such circumstances, to go boldly forward, trusting to successive thoughts to obliterate a little error, rather than to call attention to it by endeavouring to rectify his mistake at the time. The truth is, that unless an audience is on the *qui vive* for mistakes, the bulk of the people are much more ready to doubt whether they have heard correctly than to believe that the speaker has spoken incorrectly.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A Game of Tag.

A grasshopper once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe, and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence,
And laughed till their sides were sore;
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me,
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall;
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;
Why, he's bit off his own little nose!"

A Child's Prayer.

Here is a pretty anecdote of a child's prayer: "A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch birds. He asked her what she did. She replied,—

"I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds."

"Anything else?"

"Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and,"—as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works,—"I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

Queer Companions.

I am going to tell you a true story about two strange playmates, a dog and a toad.

The dog, whose name was Don, was a great, fine-looking fellow, and seemed to understand everything that was said to him.

One evening I thought I would go into the back yard and see how Don was getting along. He was very apt to run away, you see, so we had a portion of the yard fenced off for him to roam about in.

When I got near, I noticed that Don was very intently watching something on the ground. Wondering what it could be, I approached very quietly, and there lay a toad. Its little eyes were blinking rapidly, and were watching every movement of the big animal beside him.

"Poor little toad," I said, "you are afraid you are going to be killed; but I will save you." So I pushed it along until we reached a hole in the fence, and poked it through into the next yard.

Now Don did not seem to like this one bit. He followed me closely, uttering little barks and making funny noises.

"Oh, ho! Master Don," said I. "You are angry to think your prey has escaped you; but, if you want anything to kill, you had better hunt for a rat."

As I left, Don seemed to look after me reproachfully; but I did not mind, for I felt I had done a good deed in saving the life of the toad.

The next evening, however, I was attracted by a series of joyful little barks from Don.

"What is the matter with him?" I wondered, and concluded I would go back and see.

When I got there, what was my surprise to see the toad there again. Don was jumping about, and seemed to be tickled to death.

"What a foolish toad," I thought, "to brave death in this way." So I tried to make it move, but could not budge it.

Don was very uneasy during this operation; and I began to think there was something funny about the affair, so I determined to watch and see what would happen.

Don eyed me suspiciously for a while, but finally seemed to make up his mind that I was not going to interfere with him; and then he turned his attention to the toad.

First he took his paw, and began scratching the sand over the toad until he had entirely buried it. Then with his nose he gently brushed the dirt away. After he had done this several times, he opened his mouth, and, to my dismay, picked up the poor little toad, and walked off to another part of the garden with it.

"O you naughty dog!" I cried. "Are you not ashamed to kill that poor toad?" And I ran after him, hoping to be in time to save its life.

I need not have worried, however; for, when I got there, Master Toad was lying on the ground without a scratch of any kind, and looking as if it had really enjoyed its novel ride.

Don was wagging his tail, and, glancing at me, seemed to say, "How could you think I would kill my little friend?"

I felt so ashamed of my unjust suspicions that I left; and, as I looked back, he was going through his burying process again.

The next night and the next the toad appeared. Don would bury it, uncover it, and then pick it up, and carry it to another place. And what good times these two would have! The toad seemed to enjoy the play extremely, and would let Don do anything he wanted to; While Don was very gentle, handling his playmate with great care.

For over a month the toad appeared. But one night it did not come, and Don was disconsolate. He ran around the yard, poking his nose into all the corners and uttering little cries, as if calling on the toad to come out and play.

It was of no avail, however, for it never came again; and it was a long time before Don gave up watching for his strange little friend.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

News from the Field.

THE NEW CHURCH FOR SMALL HEATH.—The friends of the cause are to be congratulated on the success of the first efforts made to raise a building fund for the above purpose, of which full particulars will be found below. Birmingham has responded generously to the appeal. Of the £1850 to be raised by subscription, outside the sum promised by the Small Heath Congregation, the Treasurer now sees his way to £850, and it is to be hoped that when this appears in print the Committee will be in a position to sign the building contract. But satisfactory as the result is up to date, we have still the problem before us of raising the remaining £1000, and it is the universal experience in these cases that the chief difficulty arises in connection with the last hundred. We earnestly hope that the whole Midland district will feel themselves concerned in the effort, and that the subscription list which so far is chiefly, though not exclusively, composed of Birmingham names, will receive large additions from the neighbouring towns. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association has made a grant of £50, which we trust will act as an incentive to further private generosity. This is not the place to recite all the reasons which have led to the scheme for building this new Church, but the response made to the appeal in Birmingham, together with the endorsement of the British and Foreign Association, should be proof that they are sufficient. Unitarianism, after passing through a series of theological changes of very great import, is becoming a new force in the religious life of our country, and it is perhaps through new churches rather than through old ones that the power of this force will make itself most widely felt in the community. It is satisfactory to be able to state that there is every probability that the Small Heath Congregation will be able to secure the services of a young and capable minister, whose appointment we hope to be able to announce in our next issue.

L. P. JACKS,
Chairman of Midland Christian Union.

Subscriptions towards the Small Heath Building Fund—

	£	s.	d.
Trustees of the Church of the Saviour ...	850	0	0
Congregation of Small Heath	300	0	0
British and Foreign Unitarian Association	50	0	0
Midland Christian Union	100	0	0
Mr. T. Gladstone	100	0	0
Mr. J. A. Kenrick	100	0	0
Mrs. Nettlefold	100	0	0
Sir John Brunner	50	0	0
Mr. Innes	30	0	0
Lady Martineau	25	0	0
Mr. Alfred Worthington	25	0	0
Mr. Charles Harding	21	0	0
Mr. R. Peyton	20	0	0
Mr. J. S. Nettlefold	20	0	0
Mr. Archibald Kenrick	20	0	0
Mr. John Deeley	10	10	0
Mr. J. A. Forrester	10	10	0
Mrs. Lamplough	10	0	0
Mr. E. L. Tyndall	10	0	0
Mr. J. A. Grew	10	0	0
Mr. Henry Peyton	10	0	0
Anonymous	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Lakin	5	5	0
Mr. Howard Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. C. James	5	0	0
Rev. L. P. Jacks	5	0	0
Mr. T. W. Ryland	5	0	0
Mrs. Brooke Smith	5	0	0
Mr. George Titterton	5	0	0
Mr. Priestley Smith	5	0	0
Mr. Edward T. Atkin...	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Cross	5	0	0
Mr. John Stych	5	0	0
Mr. T. F. Walker	5	0	0
Mr. Roland H. Parry	5	0	0
Miss Martineau	5	0	0
Mr. Cheshire	5	0	0
Mrs. W. G. Sharp	5	0	0
Rev. J. Wood	5	0	0
Mr. A. Gough	3	3	0
Mr. Ernest Martineau...	3	3	0
Mr. J. Sutton	3	3	0
Mr. Charles Isaacs	3	3	0
Miss Evers	2	2	0
Shrewsbury Collection	2	17	0
Mr. J. F. Woolley	2	2	0
Mr. E. Suckling	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Gittins	2	2	0
An Irish Friend	2	0	0
Mr. Arthur Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Chance	1	1	0
Mrs. Wills	1	1	0
Mr. T. F. Derrington	1	1	0
Mrs. Titchfield	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Watson	1	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins	1	0	0
Miss E. Russell	2	2	0
Miss A. Russell	0	10	0
Dr. J. W. Russell	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Skirrow	0	5	0
Miss M. G. Skirrow	0	5	0
Miss J. C. Skirrow	0	5	0
Miss Crowther	0	5	0
	£2004	18	0

Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, 176 pp. 3/6 net, by Post, 3/9,

GOD & THE SOUL

An Essay towards Fundamental Religion,

BY

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.

Author of "Man's Knowledge of God," etc.

"Looking at the book simply as a Truth-seeker, I am convinced that it assumes nothing which the Agnostic can disturb, infers nothing which its premisses do not involve, and gathers into its results all the contents of Christian aspiration and experience."—*Dr. Martineau.*

"The first half of this little book is a perfect model of subtle thought, apt illustration, lucid reasoning, and terse exposition."—*Spectator.*

PHILIP GREEN, 5, ESSEX ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C